

April 11, 1917

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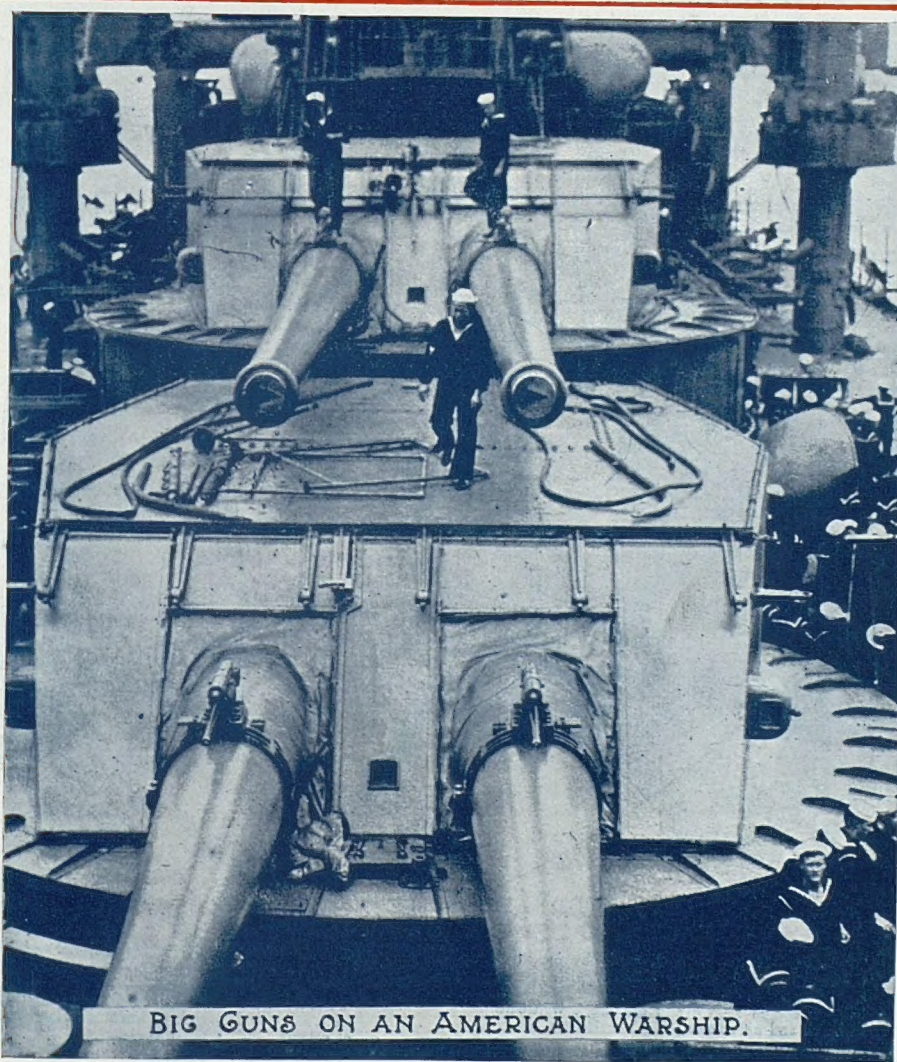
THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS,  
APRIL 18, 1917.

EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

New Series. —PART 45

8d

# THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



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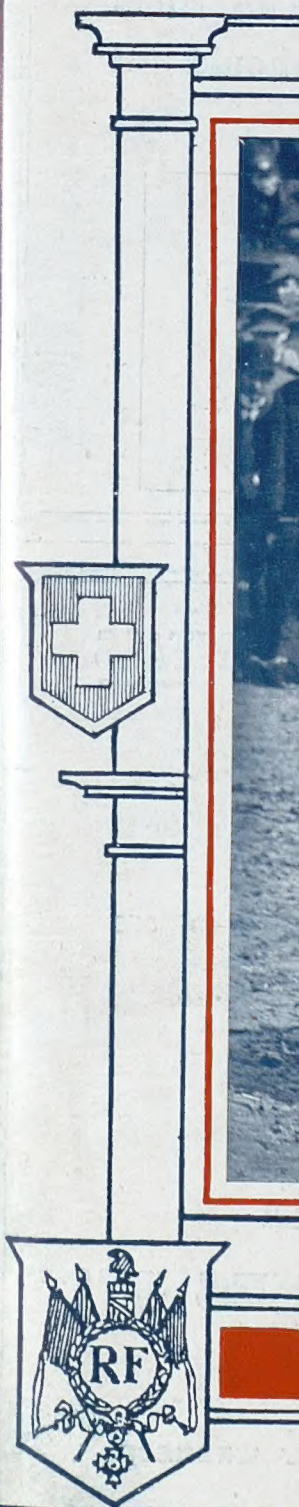
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# THE WAR



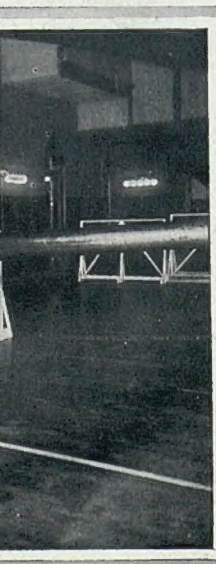


April 11, 1917

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LONDON; APRIL 7, 1917.

LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD.,  
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1917.

*The Illustrated War News, April 18, 1917.—Part 45, New Series.*

# The Illustrated War News



GERMAN BARBARITY: BURNED-OUT HOUSES IN BAPAUME SQUARE—VIEW THROUGH A SHELL-HOLE.  
*Australian Official Photograph.*



# THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

## VIMY RIDGE—THE HINGE OF THE RETREAT—THE BRITISH PLAN.

THERE have been happening certain definite things which were not, apparently, up Hindenburg's sleeve. We have attacked, and we have won a remarkable success, while the world was yet clouded with speculations concerning the disastrous stroke Prussia's military Machiavelli held in waiting for us. Indeed, while the Machiavelli himself was speaking *ex cathedra* of the impregnability of the German line in the West, the British, going forward above and below Arras, not only shattered the dogma of impregnability, but showed, by their power and success, that the "something up the sleeve" might very well be in the garment of the Allies.

This big, purposeful, and admirable stroke is not merely a great gain whereby, almost at a single impact, we have accomplished something which the Allies had failed to gain through two years of intense fighting; it is not merely a stroke of great strategic as well as tactical significance—it has important moral and political meaning as well. It may convince the Germans and us that, actually, we are the masters of the situation on the line between the Channel and Belfort; and that, in spite of all hints, bluffs, rumours, and the like, the power of hitting and winning is still with us. It may convince the Germans and us that we are not the dupes of strategic retreats, that

we are capable of initiating and following our own plans, and working out our own movements, and winning our victories in spite of all the cleverness which Germany's publicity department credits to

Germany's leaders. It is, at a stroke, the vindication of our own ability to win. In these notes I have done what I could to suggest that the Allied leaders are really not so unwise as some of our patriots seemed to think. I have endeavoured to argue that the German plan of retreat could not really be discussed until we had seen what plan the French and British had for dealing with that retreat. And, as I suggested we should withhold our valuation of the German evacuation until we had seen the Allies striking instead of merely pursuing, so I have pointed out that, whatever the dark intentions of Hindenburg might be, it would be as well

to remember that the Allies might have it in their power to prevent them being carried out—that is, that, though Hindenburg may have collected a great reserve in order to attain some final and fearful coup, the attack of the Franco-British might be so delivered that, in order to preserve the very equity of his line, Hindenburg's reserves might be dissipated in defensive actions. The final suggestion has yet to be borne out, but the battle at Arras appears to give confirmation to the other points I put forward.



THE OUTRAGEOUS BLOWING-UP BY THE GERMANS OF THE FRENCH THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHATEAU DE COUCY: PART OF THE RUINED WALLS OF THE MAIN TOWER.—[French Official Photograph.]



THE OUTRAGEOUS BLOWING-UP BY THE GERMANS OF THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHATEAU DE COUCY: PART OF THE RUINED RAMPARTS OF THE MAIN TOWER.—[French Official Photograph.]

In this German line, nearly the whole concentrated on the Cambrai-St. Quentin line north of the little was said. It line from Cambrai hinge, that the whole would swing on this—but more, it was felt that the Germans had seen to it that the pivotal area was unassailable. The impregnability of this line was, most curiously, accepted. While we talked continuously about our ability to break through at St. Quentin and on the Oise—where the chances were more enough discussion knuckle. It seemed. It was, however, obvious that for, since the whole of the retreat was swinging on this line, a successful blow might disorganise the whole symmetry of the German movement—might, indeed, threaten the evacuation with disaster. The conditions were tempting, yet the defences were strong. The matter was tacitly evaded in our speculations by the Command were ready to admit at the firm, strong British were already firmest, strongest, The whole splendid



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In this German retreat to the Cambrai-Aisne line, nearly the whole interest of speculation was concentrated on the German ability to hold the Cambrai-St. Quentin-La Fère front. Concerning the line north of the Bapaume-Cambrai road very little was said. It was felt on all sides that the line from Cambrai to the Vimy Ridge was the hinge, that the whole front, south and south-east,

would swing on this—but more, it was felt that the Germans had seen to it that the pivotal area was unassailable. The impregnability of this line was, most curiously, accepted. While we talked continuously about our ability to break through at St. Quentin and on the Oise—where

the chances were most favourable—there was little enough discussion concerning the Vimy Ridge knuckle. It seemed powerful beyond our optimism. It was, however (as was suggested here last week), obvious that this was the crucial point,

for, since the whole of the retreat was swinging on this line, a successful blow might disorganise the whole symmetry of the German movement—might, indeed, threaten the evacuation with disaster. The conditions were tempting, yet the defences were strong. The matter was tacitly evaded

in our speculations. However, it was not evaded by the Commanders in France. Even while we were ready to admit the fact that we had arrived at the firm, strong wall of Hindenburg's front; the British were already breaking their way through the firmest, strongest, and most delicate sector of it. The whole splendid business of the stroke is, indeed,

a striking commentary on the difference between action and theory. First, the aerial arm, defying the fact that in theory its supremacy had gone by the board, launched out in a superb assault that simply transcended all war history. The Germans—new machines or no—were charged out of the air. There were an enormous number of fights—103 machines were lost in two days, of

which the majority were enemy planes—and these fights were undertaken over enemy territory. Whether we gained complete control of the air by this almost cavalry shock of attack remains to be seen, but the fact that is of purpose is that we blinded the German gunners, we

bombed the railways and roads and depôts—disorganising supplies and reserves—we drove down the "spotter" balloons, and we were able to secure 1700 photographs of enemy positions. This aerial stroke is emphasised, for its success

was assuredly emphatic. Thanks to it, the big assault was delivered with full and astonishing power.

With the aerial activity went the gunnery activity. It had the same unprecedented capacity as the aerial attack. The gunfire was so terrible and accurate that the awful bombardments of

the Somme were exceeded. The effect was obviously almost paralysing to the enemy, for when, on Monday, the assault was delivered against the Vimy Ridge and east of Arras, the first rush carried our front right over the strongest German positions and deep into the German line before adequate counter-efforts could be



ON THE BELGIAN FRONT IN WESTERN FLANDERS: BELGIAN INFANTRY BEING DRILLED IN ATTACK FORMATION—ADVANCING IN SUPPORT.

Belgian Official Photograph.



ON THE BELGIAN FRONT IN WESTERN FLANDERS: BELGIAN INFANTRY BEING DRILLED IN ATTACK FORMATION—MOVING OUT TO STORM.

Belgian Official Photograph.



manœuvred to check our surging advance. The Vimy Ridge, which had held out against the strength and genius of General Foch, and the attacks of the British, fell to the Canadians with surprising ease after its two years of impregnability. There were some isolated points of resistance, but, in the



ON THE BELGIAN FRONT IN WESTERN FLANDERS: THE BARRIER ACROSS A CERTAIN SECTION CONSTRUCTED BY THE BELGIAN "SAPEURS MARINIERS."

*Belgian Official Photograph.*

main, the defence was nerveless, and our casualties few in consequence. In that first effort of attack, too, our line was carried from the suburbs of Arras to beyond Fampoux, over five miles to the east; while to the south-east we fought our way through into Monchy-le-Beux, a position of great advantage on a hill which the enemy had orders to hold at all costs. To the north the front was pressed beyond Vimy, and the fighting extended steadily until we were winning positions on the banks of the Souchez stream in such a way as to threaten the southern flank of the Lens defences. In spite of snowstorms and bad weather the Arras attack was the biggest effort and biggest success we have won in the war, since its initial gains exceed those of the Somme, great though they were.

Although we have learnt by this time not to expect too much of even great successes like this, there is that about the fight which gives us reason for satisfactory optimism. In the first place, we have punched our way into the critical section of the German front in a manner that is bound to cause grave disorganisation of the enemy plans, and may shatter those plans altogether if our success continues—that is, we may force the Germans to reconsider the whole system of their new defences, and drive them back far beyond the Cambrai-St. Quentin-Aisne front

by this sudden flanking stroke. In the second place, we have won a victory against an enemy not retreating, but powerfully prepared for us and holding a position that had defied us for two years; there is no doubt that this battle was a decisive test of full strength pitted against full strength—the great haul of prisoners, guns, and material proves this. Finally, by this stroke we prove that our own plan is equal in flexibility, initiative, and manœuvre to the best of the German plans.

The fighting on the Cambrai-St. Quentin-Laon sector of the line has been less ambitious this week, though the advances made have been steady and notable. The French, on the whole, appear to be facing very strong positions, and there is a tendency to swell the volume of artillery attack in the place of infantry assault. They have, too, been engaged along other points of the line, notably in the Champagne, in

thrusting back heavy German attacks. These, though vigorous in action, are undoubtedly sent forward in the hope of relieving the great pressure on the Oise and St. Quentin fronts, though the slowing of the movement at the latter points cannot be attributed to this agency, but rather to the difficulties of terrain, the need for bringing up guns, and the like. The British envelopment of the St. Quentin position has been slower



ON THE BELGIAN FRONT IN WESTERN FLANDERS: BELGIAN INFANTRY RETURNING FROM TRENCH DUTY BY A FOOT-BRIDGE OVER AN INUNDATION.

*Belgian Official Photograph.*

also, though good progress has been made, and the wedge of encirclement has been driven forward to the north of the town, until the rather vital St. Quentin-Cambrai road has been threatened. North of St. Quentin, too, further groups of villages have fallen.

LONDON; APRIL 14, 1917.



A big blow-up in the German during the Somme advance photograph. It shows the place—the volcano-like col followed instantly by a blin dbris, wire-entanglements,



April 18, 1917

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LONDON; APRIL 14, 1917.

April 18, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 45  
New Series]—5

## On the Western front: Clearing the Way for an Advance.



### AT THE MOMENT OF EXPLOSION: A BIG BLOW-UP IN THE ENEMY'S LINES.

A big blow-up in the German lines, as seen from a British position during the Somme advance, is shown here in an instantaneous photograph. It shows the explosion at the moment of its taking place—the volcano-like column of smoke as it spurts upwards, followed instantly by a blinding flash, carrying with it fragments of debris, wire-entanglements, and fragments of trench timber. That

the nerve of the Germans gives way at the constantly repeated shocks of such explosions in close proximity, as is the case, is small wonder. We have testimony as to that in the state of mental collapse in which we find many prisoners. By such means the way of the Allied advance is cleared for the assaulting infantry, and our casualties materially lessened.—[Official Photograph.]





## On the Western front: The Old folks

Only Left in N



ONLY OLD PEOPLE LEFT TO BE RESCUED BY THE BRITISH AT NESLE

"Nesle," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "had the narrowest escape. It was the obvious intention of the Germans to set fire to the whole town, and they had ready inflammable material with tar, petrol, and straw, which a hundred soldiers had been told off to prepare. Meanwhile, they had driven the inhabitants and those of the suburbs, 2950 in number, into the centre



IN THE FLAGGED STREETS OF

of the town. Had the Germans luckily, the British troops arrived were left. They hung out flags of



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Only Left in Nesle—In the Streets.



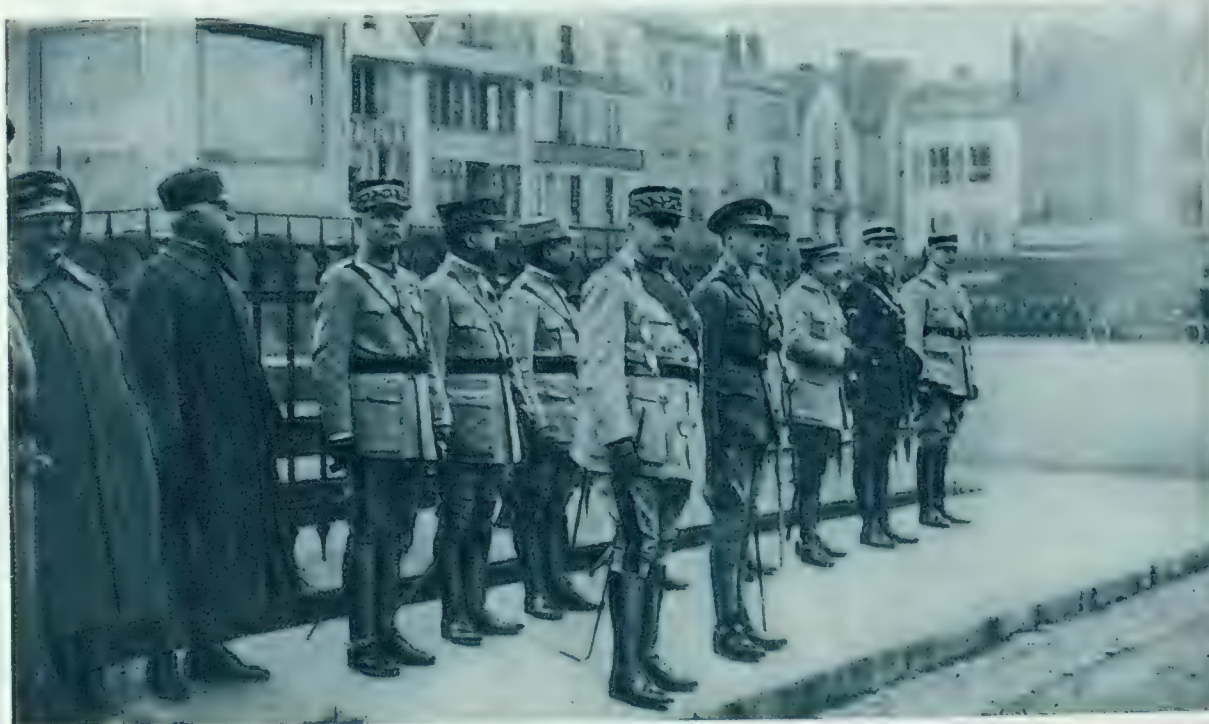
SCUED BY THE BRITISH AT NESLE:  
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IN THE FLAGGED STREETS OF A TOWN JUST SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION.

of the town. Had the Germans set fire to the place . . . few of these inhabitants would have escaped being burnt alive, but, luckily, the British troops arrived sooner than was expected, and the Germans fled. . . . Only old and infirm men and women were left. They hung out flags of welcome. British and French."—[Official Photograph.]



## The Prince of Wales Decorates General Nivelle.



### BRITAIN'S HEIR APPARENT HONOURS THE FRENCH GENERALISSIMO: THE CEREMONY AT BEAUVAIS.

An interesting ceremony took place recently at Beauvais, where the Prince of Wales invested General Nivelle, the French Commander-in-Chief, with a British decoration. The scene was the picturesque Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, where stands a bronze statue of Jeanne Hachette, the historic heroine of Beauvais, who captured a banner from the troops of Charles the Bold when he attacked

the city in 1472. The pedestal of the monument can be seen in the lower photograph on the left-hand page. The Prince of Wales was home on leave last month, and after attending the Duchess of Connaught's funeral, returned to the front on March 22, attended by Captain Lord Claud N. Hamilton, of the Grenadier Guards. General Nivelle, it may be recalled, after his masterly work at

[Continued opposite.



### AFTER GENERAL

[Continued.]

Verdun, succeeded General Nivelle in the decision of the United States to the Chief of the French army. They saluted the American figure, grave regard, and



April 18, 1917

Nivelle.



REMONY AT BEAUVAIS.

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## The Prince of Wales and General Nivelle at Beauvais.



AFTER GENERAL NIVELLE'S INVESTITURE WITH A BRITISH ORDER: PRINCE AND GENERAL SALUTE.

(Continued.)

Verdun, succeeded General Joffre as Commander-in-Chief. After the decision of the United States to enter the war, he sent a telegram to the Chief of the American General Staff expressing the immense joy of the French Army on hearing the news, saying that they saluted the American flag. "General Nivelle's tall, elegant figure, grave regard, and Roman profile," writes Mr. G. H. Ferris,

"speak of his heritage from the deep wells of the old civilisation of France; and the blood of English sailors coming to him from his mother's side is no unworthy tincture. His words, even to his own men, have been few, though sympathetic; and one supposes that he would not cross the street for all the advertisement the world could offer."—[French Official Photographs.]



On the Western front: Atrocious German Barbarity.



THE WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF VILLAGERS' ORCHARDS: AT BOISLEUX; AN OUTRAGE AT NOYON.

The extreme of vile and cold-blooded barbarity, perhaps, has been reached in the enemy's abominable and wilful mutilation and wholesale destruction of the fruit trees and food-producing vegetation round the French towns and villages abandoned in their retreat. "Fruit trees," records the French Government protest addressed to its representatives in neutral countries, "have been

torn up or rendered useless for all future production." Entire orchards were cut down, depriving the population of sustenance and means of livelihood for years to come. Where large trees grew close to houses, they were, as the second illustration, at Noyon, shows, deliberately felled so as to fall across and smash in the houses.—[Official Photographs.]

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AN OUTRAGE AT NOYON.

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On the Western front: German Sacrilege at Bapaume.



BLOWN UP BY THE GERMANS: RUINS OF THE CHANCEL AND HIGH ALTAR OF BAPAUME CHURCH.

"There is no Bapaume now," writes a "Times" correspondent.  
"It is smouldering rubble and timber and an evil midden. When,  
in future, the Germans talk of the need of their culture, Bapaume  
and Péronne should silence them." The chaos of ruin which  
represents what is left of the ancient parish church shows further,  
how the enemy descended to the utmost depths of vandalism out

of deliberate malice. "Nothing in all this desolation," again to  
quote the "Times" correspondent, "is sadder than the wilful and  
useless destruction of churches. What remains of the churches  
varies from the ragged stumps of blackened walls, just marking  
the outline of the building, to mere shapeless heaps of rubbish."  
Bapaume church is shown here.—[Australian Official Photo.]



The German Retreat in the West: At Noyon.



ENEMY INUNDATIONS: OUTSIDE THE TOWN; A SAW-MILL YARD IN THE FLOODED AREA.

At Noyon, one of the towns recaptured by the Allies in the latter half of March, the town was "dealt with," as a German war-phrase has it, by the retreating enemy by means, principally, of inundation. In order to hamper and hold back the French troops in their advance on Noyon, the neighbourhood on that side of the town, and the outskirts of the town itself, were flooded by blowing

up and breaking through the canal dykes. The attempt so to bar the approach of the French failed, and the widespread obstruction was passed without causing delay of consequence. The upper illustration shows the floods out over the meadows outside Noyon. The lower illustration shows a large saw-mill yard on the outskirts partly under water.—[French Official Photographs.]

April 18, 1917



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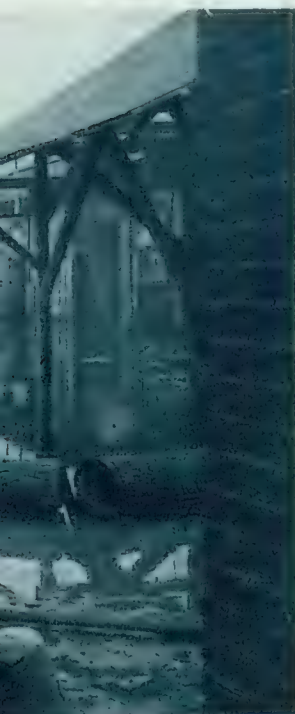
ENEMY INUNDATIONS:

Speaking of the enemy's inundations, says this in an account in the French Official Photographs, "firing the town, the Germans cut lower portions by damming quite high in the town, and filled with 12,000 old men, and



April 18, 1917

Noyon.



THE FLOODED AREA.

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Official Photographs.]

April 18, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 45  
New Series]- 13



## The German Retreat in the West: At Noyon.



### ENEMY INUNDATIONS: A BROKEN-DOWN BRIDGE AND CANAL DYKE; FLOOD AND HOUSE DESTRUCTION.

Speaking of the enemy's inundations at Noyon, Mr. Warner Allen says this in an account in the "Morning Post": "Instead of firing the town, the Germans contented themselves with flooding its lower portions by damming the canals. The inundations rose quite high in the town, and caused much suffering, since it was filled with 12,000 old men, women, and children brought from

the surrounding villages and the north." As the upper illustration shows, besides damming the canals in order to flood the surrounding country, the Germans destroyed the dykes and sluices. Bridges were blown up and some houses in Noyon. The fallen timbers and masonry of a blown-up house in one of the inundated quarters is shown in the lower illustration. [French Official Photographs.]



## ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XLV.—SEMPILL'S HIGHLANDERS.

### A STRANGE DESERTION.

IN 1743 Lord Sempill's Highland Regiment, of which the Black Watch has carried on the traditions since the middle of the eighteenth century, received orders to march to London. In 1739 the corps, which had previously consisted of several detached companies raised to keep the peace in the northern parts of Scotland, had been definitely formed into a regiment, and the authorities intended to use it like any other force in the King's service. The order to march to London was somewhat disingenuous, for the men were told that the object was a review by the King, whereas the real reason was service in Germany. The soldiers objected to leave Scotland, as they considered even that beyond the conditions of their service, but the flattery of a royal review overcame their scruples so far, and they marched southward—with some misgiving, certainly, but no actual mutiny. In due time the regiment reached

Highgate, where it encamped, only to learn to its disappointment that the King had just gone

hinting that the corps was soon to be sent to Germany.

The review, held on Finchley Common, was a great success. A contemporary newspaper says:

"The Highlanders made a very handsome appearance, and went through their exercise and firing with the utmost exactness. The novelty of the sight drew together the greatest concourse of people ever seen on such an occasion." It was the first time that Cockney eyes had seen a Highland regiment.

The troops returned to camp, and remained for four days outwardly peaceable, but really agitated with a growing discontent. The alleged object of their visit was now accomplished; why were they still detained? Dissatisfaction spread through the ranks.

On the night of May 18, 150 of the Highlanders took the law into their own hands. With their arms and fourteen rounds of ball-cartridge each, they set their faces northward

and began the long march back to Scotland. Nowadays such a wild-cat scheme seems impossible from the outset, but conditions

and communications were very different in 1743. The fugitives melted away into the dim outskirts of London, and—will it be believed?—for seven days the capital could get no news of them! In the home counties there was wild consternation—an armed band of kilted

barbarians was loose; any horror might follow! But the Highlanders had no sinister designs. They wished only to get home in peace. They



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE GRAVEYARD OF THE CHURCH AT FAVRIEUL, SHOWING THE DESECRATION WROUGHT BY THE GERMANS ON RETREATING.—[Official Photograph.]



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BATTLEFIELD EXTEMPORISED BRIDGE FOR HEAVY TRAFFIC OVER THE BED OF A STREAM.—[Official Photograph.]

careful preparation, refusing to be led away by certain busybodies, (Jacobites presumably) who visited the camp and made mutinous suggestions,



## The Great



### BEHIND AND IN A

As the upper photograph shows in the trenches at some small railway cuttings, supplies can thus be rapidly necessary support is given front, who telephone back



## HIGHLANDERS.

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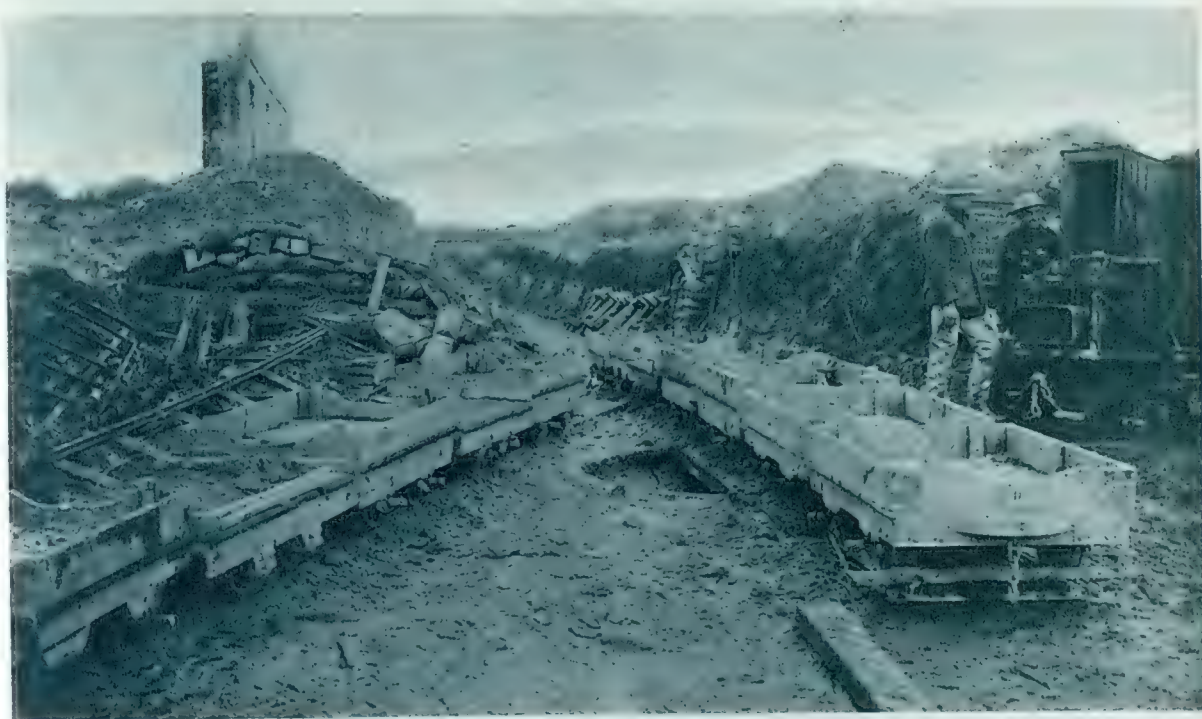
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(Continued overleaf).

## The Great British Advance : Trench Trains ; and Observers.



### BEHIND AND IN ADVANCE OF THE GUNS : RAILWAYS IN THE TRENCHES ; AND ARTILLERY OBSERVERS.

As the upper photograph shows, light-railway lines have been laid in the trenches at some points, giving them the appearance of small railway cuttings. Ammunition for the guns and other supplies can thus be rapidly moved up from the rear. Other necessary support is given to the batteries by the observers in front, who telephone back results and information about the

enemy's positions. This task is isolated and perilous. In describing the Canadian success near Arras, for instance, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes : "Some of the bravest work was done by the forward observing officers, who climbed to the top of Vimy Ridge as soon as it was captured, and through a sea of heavy barrage reported back to the artillery all the movements."—[Official Photographs.]



sought to injure no man, woman, or child. Frantic expresses scoured northward to alarm the North-Eastern Command. A price of forty shillings was set on every deserter's head. But the days passed and brought only uncertain rumours. No man could certainly point the way the men had gone.

But they were steadily and very rapidly making progress, under the very able leadership of Corporal Samuel Macpherson, who kept them away from the main roads, and, moving by night, brought them adroitly from one defensive position to another. They usually encamped in some wood, where they lay concealed all day. Meanwhile, General Blakeney, commanding the North-Eastern District, had got to work, and had detached Captain Ball with a large force of cavalry to intercept the Highlanders, while he himself took post at Stamford. On the evening of May 21, Ball got word that the fugitives had crossed the Nen, near Wellingborough, and, believing that they were making for Rutlandshire, he halted at Uppingham, hoping to head them off there or thereabouts. But the Highlanders spent the night on a hill, surrounded by a dense wood, near Oundle in Northamptonshire.

There they were visited next morning by a county magistrate named Creed, who urged them to surrender. They refused, unless they were

Roman camp, and admirably chosen. They said they were soldiers, and would defend it to the last. Ball replied that he also was a soldier, and would kill the last one of them if it should come to a combat. At that they parted. But Ball worked upon the two privates detached to escort him as far as the outskirts of the wood. These men he



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: SPANISH OFFICERS VISITING A BRITISH BATTLEFIELD—IN A MINE-CRATER; ONE OF THE VISITORS WATCHING AN AEROPLANE OVERHEAD.—[Official Photograph.]

won over with the promise of a free pardon if they could induce the rest to return to duty. One went with the Captain to General Blakeney; the other returned, and during the night brought in the remainder of his comrades.

The question was now one of penalty. Apart from the act of desertion, the behaviour of the men had been excellent and the skill of their retreat worthy of all praise, had it been only legitimate. The public, from terror flew to absurd admiration, compared the Highlanders to the Ten Thousand, and saw in Corporal Macpherson a second Xenophon.

Discipline, however, claimed its victims. All were forgiven except Macpherson and his brother (both corporals) and a Private Shaw, who were condemned to suffer vicariously for the whole body of delinquents. They were shot on July 12, and "behaved with perfect resolution and propriety." The rest of the Highlanders were paraded to witness the execution, and "joined in prayer with great earnestness." The ringleaders died regretted and so much honoured that Lord John Murray, who afterwards became Colonel of the regiment, had their portraits on the walls of his dining-room.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: SPANISH OFFICERS VISITING THE BRITISH LINES—A BRITISH STAFF OFFICER SHOWING THE DEPUTATION ROUND. [Official Photograph.]

assured of pardon. Blakeney and Ball had joined forces, only to find the hill quite unassailable by cavalry. A further parley took place, and Macpherson showed Ball the strength of the deserters' position. It was evidently an old



#### LAUGHING-STOCK

The Germans, apparently "Gott strafe England," enter re-captured villages, everywhere. There is h "decoration." It may b least our British soldiers, v



April 18, 1917

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April 18, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 45  
New Series]-17

## On the Western front—"Gott Strafe England."



### LAUGHING-STOCK INSCRIPTIONS: FRENCH IN COUCY; BRITISH WITH VILLAGERS AND CHILDREN.

The Germans, apparently, are not tired of their catch-phrase "Gott strafe England." Our own men and the French, as they enter re-captured villages, find the greeting painted or chalked up everywhere. There is hardly a building or wall without the "decoration." It may be that the enemy think the Allies, or at least our British soldiers, will be angered: as a fact, everybody only

laughs. Two samples are given here. The upper illustration shows one at Coucy, retaken by the French. The lower shows a village scene: British soldiers, merry as a picnic party, among villagers and children wearing the soldiers' helmets. The group chose a place with an interesting background—beneath a "Gott strafe England" inscription.—[Official Photographs.]





## "They Deserved this Honour": The Entry of the Austral



"THE SPLENDID FEAT OF THE FIRST ANZAC CORPS IN THE CAPTURE OF BAPAUME": AN

Sir Douglas Haig said in a message to Australia of March 17: "This morning (March 17) Australian troops fought their way into Bapaume. The casualties were very slight, but in order that the splendid success already gained by the Australian forces in the war may be continued right to the end, all ranks hope that a steady flow of reinforcements may be maintained."

AUSTRALIAN BAND PLAYING O

Heartiest congratulations on the sp  
Captain Bean, wrote: "After  
the appalling conditions . . . the



# honour": The Entry of the Australians into Bapaume, to Music.



THE CAPTURE OF BAPAUME": AN

7) Australian troops fought their way ready gained by the Australian forces of reinforcements may be maintained.

AUSTRALIAN BAND PLAYING ON THE MARCH INTO THE WRECKED AND BURNING TOWN.

Heartiest congratulations on the splendid feat of the first Anzac corps in the capture of Bapaume." The Australian correspondent, Captain Bean, wrote: "After holding for five long months of severe winter most of the trenches opposite this town under the appalling conditions . . . they deserved this honour as richly as any merited in this war."—[Australian Official Photograph.]





## On the Western front: Artillery Going Ahead



"BRINGING UP THE GUNS"—THE PRESENT-HOUR STYLE: A FIELD-GUN STARTING FROM ITS  
 "Bringing up the guns" used to be a favourite subject with painters of battlefield scenes. Every European national gallery of modern pictures has notable examples, some by famous artists. In the Berlin and Munich war-art collections, there are several. All show furiously galloping horses, with mounted drivers, in plumes, and fur busbies with red-flying "wings," wildly flourishing whips and in every attitude of "ground" in clouds of choking ground "in clouds of choking ground" in clouds of choking ground, our modern gunners get there,



Front: Artillery Going Ahead to a New Position.



THE PRESENT-HOUR STYLE: A FIELD-GUN STARTING FROM ITS OLD FIRING-LINE FOR ITS NEXT.

Every European national gallery of war-art collections, there are several with red-flying "wings," wildly flourishing

whips and in every attitude of wild excitement. In rear the whirling wheels of the gun-carriages and limbers "smoke along the ground" in clouds of choking dust. The usual thing nowadays is very different to look at, as the illustration here suggests, yet our modern gunners get there, well to time, all the same. So the enemy are learning daily just now.—[Australian Official Photograph.]



## Raiding the Enemy's Lines: The first Stage.



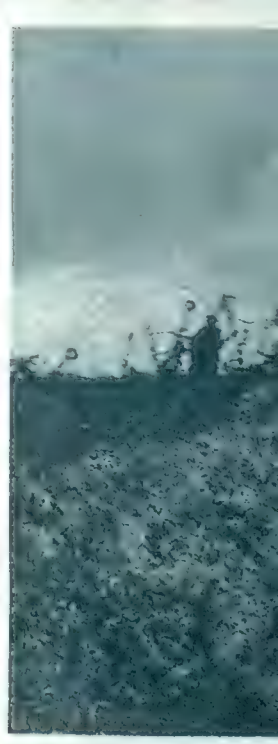
### A TYPICAL BRITISH TRENCH-RAID: AWAITING THE WORD TO START; AND THE START.

In the intervals between the great battles on the Western Front, such as that which opened so brilliantly for the British troops near Arras on April 9, frequent trench-raids on the German lines have been carried out by our men. Such operations have been mentioned over and over again in the official despatches. For example, one dated April 8 may be taken as a typical case. "Our

raiding parties," it stated, "entered the enemy's lines last night at a number of points and secured several prisoners. In one raid south-east of Ypres, we captured 18 German prisoners. The enemy's trenches were found to have been greatly damaged by our fire." The photographs on these two pages afford a vivid idea of what a raid is like, as seen from the British side. The upper one

*[Continued opposite.]*

## "Our R



### A BRITISH RAID

*[Continued.]*  
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"Our Raiding Parties Entered the Enemy's Lines."



A BRITISH RAIDING PARTY ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE START; AND THE RETURN.

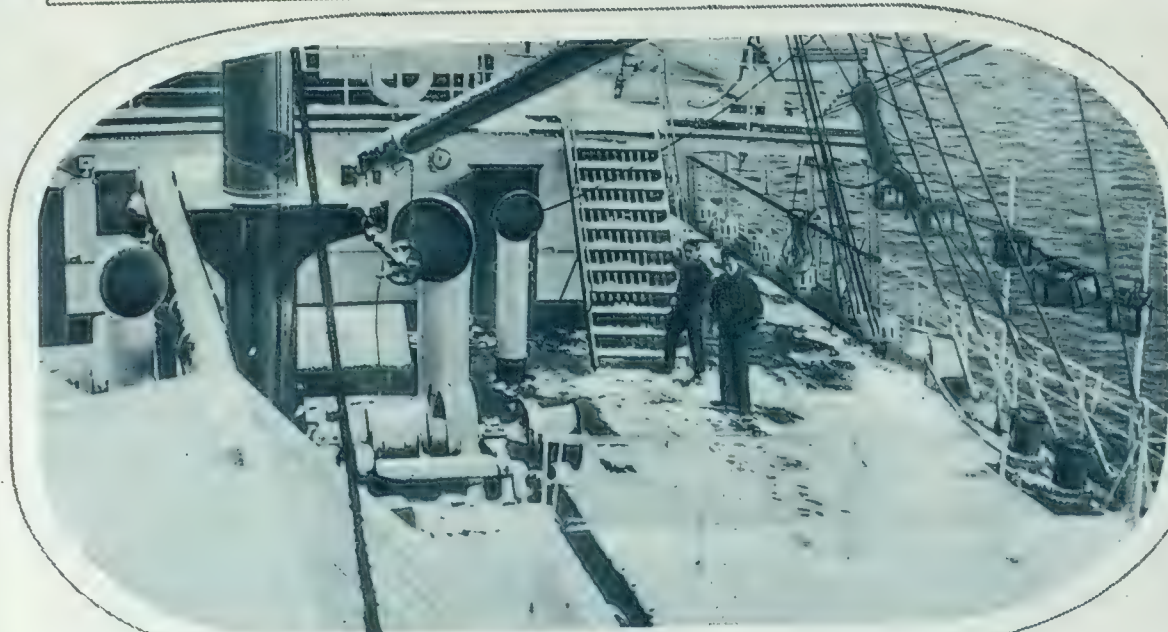
[Continued.]

on the left-hand page shows a raiding party crowded in a sap  
awaiting the word to start. In the lower one the word has just  
been given, and the men are on the move, the officer leading  
them (seen in the background on the left) being already "over the  
top" and running towards the German trenches, regardless of the  
bursting of enemy shrapnel shells. In the upper photograph on the

right-hand page the raiding party is seen getting clear of the sap  
and beginning to race towards the enemy's lines, making their  
way through their own barbed-wire entanglements. The lower  
photograph shows them returning after the raid, while in the back-  
ground may be discerned the smoke of the artillery barrage.—  
[Official Photographs.]



With the Grand fleet at Sea: Winter Cruising.

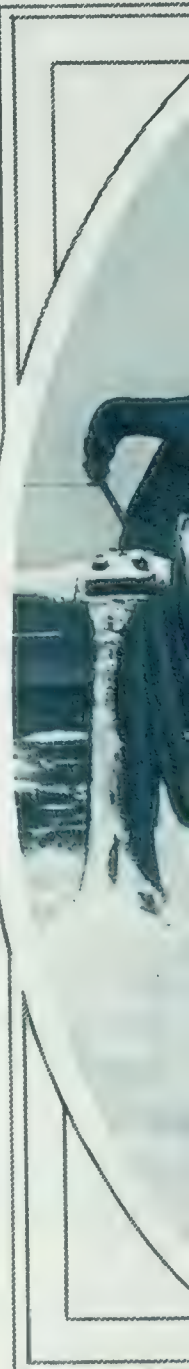


ARCTIC CONDITIONS: A WAR-SHIP'S SNOWY DECKS; KEEPING FIT—A SNOWBALL SKIRMISH.

The daily newspapers throughout the winter have told people of the bitter weather conditions that have prevailed for so protracted a period this year all over the British Isles and Europe. We have had accounts of deep snow North and South, even in the Home Counties and South Devon. In places we have heard of train services being interrupted, of flockmasters and farmers everywhere

being almost in despair—but hardly a word has appeared of what life at sea with the Grand Fleet and its cruising squadrons has been all the time. The above photographs and that on the page adjoining lift the veil and show the Arctic exploration kind of conditions under which the Navy has been keeping watch and ward for months past.—[Photos. by S. and G.]

With



ON A WAR-SHIP'S

Almost the only incidental winter life in the fleets at sea...  
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April 18, 1917

cruising.



#### SNOWBALL SKIRMISH.

Hardly a word has appeared of what the fleet and its cruising squadrons has been doing since the photographs and that on the page show the Arctic exploration kind of duty. The navy has been keeping watch and waiting. [Photos. by S. and G.]

April 18, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

[Part 45  
New Series]—25

### With the Grand fleet at Sea: Winter Cruising.



#### ON A WAR-SHIP'S UPPER DECK: CLEARING AWAY THE SNOW—AN ALMOST DAILY ROUTINE JOB.

Almost the only incidental mention folks in England have had about winter life in the fleets at sea during the past five months was a reference in a newspaper paragraph some weeks ago to a small war-vessel coming in at an East Coast port with her deck gear, masts, and rigging a mass of icicles and frozen snow. The reporter compared her appearance to that of a ship in one of the typical pictures of

Arctic polar exploration vessels, as depicted in illustrated narratives of the days of the search for the Franklin Expedition. Our illustration shows what has been practically an everyday routine job on board ship in the Grand Fleet, shovelling away snow on the upper decks. In spite of the weather, thanks to the care of those in charge, the health of the fleet remains excellent.—[Photos. by S. and G.]



## FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XXXVI.—HEROISM.

PERHAPS it was courage—if you like. It may have been—you see, I don't know exactly what courage is. I don't know anybody who does. When they gave John Ennis of our company the V.C. for 'conspicuous bravery in the face of the enemy,' he thought they were having a joke on him. When he saw they were serious he was puzzled. He went round asking the fellows of his section if they had noticed anything in particular. . . . They all said my show was courage, too.

"Well, I didn't notice any myself. The thing I noticed most was that I was so full of funk that it seemed to be running out of my seams. In the trenches it was like waiting naked on the edge of a blooming cold river. The whole of my body seemed to have sunk into the pit of my stomach. Oh, yes, we were all frightened, so we all made jokes. Yes, and when the whistle went we started over the top like men out to win a sprint—that was because we were funky, I guess. We wanted to show how much we weren't—or we wanted to get it over quick, I don't know which. A bit of each, perhaps.

"Me. I just bumped one fella aside so's I should get over before him, an' I got over the top and walked on, trying not to run. Grr! I was the funkiest man on earth.

"You know, as I went on, I felt I must keep me safety-valve screwed down tight. If I didn't keep a hold of myself I should have begun to scream and scream and scream. It was just like steam in me, the funk. Bubbling and hissing and fuming about, ready to leak out

and make a devil of a bust. Don't know if I was afraid of being killed. Don't really mind getting killed, because that's the end of it all. But I was afraid of the suddenness of being killed . . .

if I'd only 'a' known how it was going to happen, I don't think I should 'a' minded. It was the waiting with the arm up ready for the smack, so to speak, that twisted me up.

"Well, it wasn't very heavy going. Their fire was rather patchy. No big stuff coming over, you know. And only field-battery fire here and there. The small-arm stuff, rifles and machine-guns, was patchy too. I've been in stunts that make that one seem like a stroll in the park. But I was funky!

"We went on up and down, slithering in shell-holes, dragging in the mud—usual damn dirty business. I felt fearful. Almost prayed for something to finish me, I did, I was that far gone. In time a machine-gun picked us up. The chaps in my section began flopping down. The

lot of us began swearing most stiff. I swore most of all. I was in the devil of a stink. The steam was blowing off. Then a bullet got me—broke my arm under the elbow. I walked on a bit, wondering whether I ought to fall out. I was afraid it wasn't good enough . . . the sergeant saw what had happened, swore at me, and sent me back.

"Funny, going back was worse than advancing. Grr! I

nearly cried. I was afraid they'd get me before I was safe. I knew I had a good Blighty one, only I felt sure them swine would spoil it all. You know how it is. When you're just going to

(Continued overleaf.)



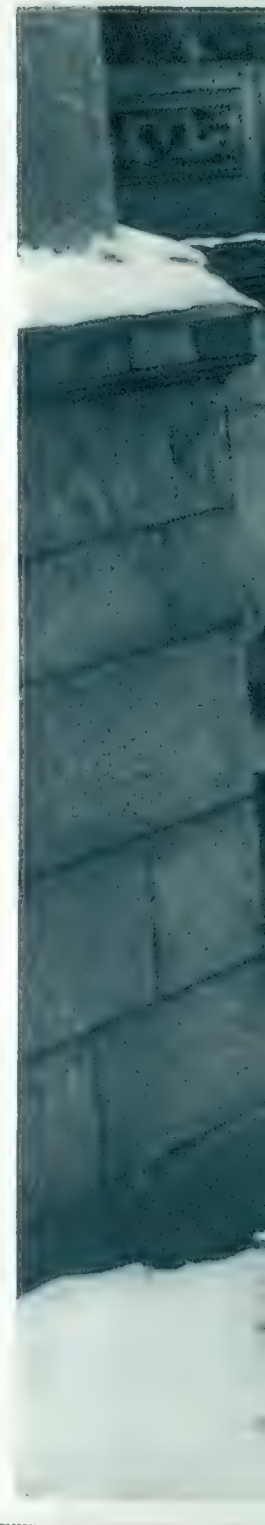
ON THE WESTERN FRONT: GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON HAVING A CHAT WITH A FRENCH WAR-CORRESPONDENT.

Official Photograph.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: PRESIDENT POINCARÉ'S VISIT TO RECAPTURED PÉRONNE—THE BRITISH GUARD OF HONOUR AND BAND.

Official Photograph.



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One of the first actions of the war, was to pull down the shields and heraldic emblems headed eagle badges of the and pulled down, and the f



## HEROISM.

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(Continued overleaf.)

## The Russian Revolution: In Petrograd.



THE FATE OF SHOP-FRONT IMPERIAL EMBLEMS: HERALDIC LITTER FLUNG OVER A BRIDGE.

One of the first actions of the populace at Petrograd, as the crowds surged through the streets after the Revolution was proclaimed, was to pull down and clear away the Imperial coat-of-arms shields and heraldic emblems over shop fronts. The huge double-headed eagle badges of the Romanoffs were hacked or sawn off and pulled down, and the fragments burned in bonfires lighted in

the streets, or else carried away and flung over the canal and Neva bridges on to the frozen surface below. A number of the smaller shield heraldic quarterings borne on the wings of the Imperial Eagle are seen in the illustration, littering the ice below the parapet of one of the bridges over the Fontanka Canal.

[Photo, by Illustrations Bureau.]



get everything you want, you're afraid like hell that something will happen to beggar it all up at the last moment. That was me. I was in a horrid stink. Shaky all over, and blubbing—yes, real blubbing.

"I just scrambled along over the shell-holes

But he had put it on me—there you are. I ran on, but I couldn't forget him. I could see him and hear him calling, though I was a long way away and couldn't have seen or heard him really. The silly fool had spoilt things . . . oh, I can't explain how he made me feel beastly. . . .

"So, you see, I went back. I didn't want to go back. I felt it was all wrong to go back. I thought the feller was a dirty blighter to ask me to go back, but I went back. I went back sniffing, I felt horrid about myself, and I knew them Huns would get me. With my good arm I hooked him over my shoulder—he used his own arms too. He tried to say something, but I yelled at him. Told him to shut his silly head, and all that. I was mad with him. Then I took him in.

"It was awful, that bit. I felt like I was carrying the moon on my back, and I felt we had thousands of miles to go, and I felt the muzzle of every Hun rifleman wavering over the small of my back. I sweated and slightered, and my heart pumped, and I swore and cried. Everything was loose and running about inside me. I felt I could

'a' yelled. The barrage tried to catch us, and I nearly burst with funk. . . . You can't guess what a limp, floppy, nasty thing I was when I got into the trench. I was just pulped—squashy with fright I was. And how I hated that feller!

"They said I had done a brave thing. Funny, ain't it? The feller I had brought in was very



WITH THE CANADIANS IN ENGLAND: SIR ROBERT BORDEN'S INSPECTION OF THE CONTINGENT IN ENGLAND—THE PREMIER ADDRESSING THE NOVA SCOTIANS.—[Photograph by Topical.]

as fast as I could. Seemed I had a million miles to go. I blubbed as I saw what a distance it was, and the awful mucky country I had to go through to get to cover. I kept saying to myself I'd never do it. I'd never really do it—they swine would pip me before I could get anywhere near, I was running and slitherin'. They began putting a barrage on to the gronud. I swore like blazes, swore and swore, and ran like a hen.

"Then that chap called out at me. He was lying on the top of the ground and saw me go by, and yelled at me. He was in a bad way, and wanted me to get him in and save his life while it could be saved. I know when he yelled I swore worse. I thought he was a fool and a beast. He could see I was trying to get away myself, and he was trying to stop me. I was mad angry with that feller. He wanted me to get myself killed, just for him. He didn't mind about me. He didn't mind spoiling my chance of getting free, so long as he could get me to help him. I felt most vile about him.

"He yelled, but I didn't listen. I was crying funky, and I had to get on. So I ran on. He called and called, and I hated him for choosing me; but I ran on. As I ran on I went on hating him. He'd put me in the wrong. He'd made me feel nasty about him. I damned him, and cursed him for calling to me, and I wished to Heaven he hadn't done it, because it wasn't fair.



WITH THE CANADIANS IN ENGLAND: SIR ROBERT BORDEN'S INSPECTION OF THE CONTINGENT IN ENGLAND—THE PREMIER VIEWING MEN IN GAS-MASKS.—[Photograph by Topical.]

talkative about it. He started telling me how gritty I'd bin . . . I remember shutting him up. I told him what a dirty tyke I thought him. Save his life—Lord, you ought to have heard me damn his eyes!"

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



#### INCIDENTS: SOLD

Many who fell in the street sequel to the Coup d'État, great parade-ground of the in front of the Winter Large graves were prepared their resting-place accom



April 18, 1917

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R ROBERT BORDEN'S  
GLAND—THE PREMIER  
graph by Topical.]

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. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

## The Russian Revolution: In Petrograd.



### INCIDENTS: SOLDIERS GRAVE-DIGGING BEFORE THE WINTER PALACE; SAILORS HUNTING POLICE.

Many who fell in the street fighting in Petrograd; the immediate sequel to the *Coup d'État*, were buried on the Champs de Mars, the great parade-ground of the Petrograd garrison, and the great square in front of the Winter Palace, the former Imperial residence. Large graves were prepared there, and the remains were borne to their resting-place accompanied by crowds of sympathisers in

procession. Soldiers of the Guard, some of whose comrades fell in the fighting with the police, are seen in the upper illustration digging down through the snow to make a grave. The lower illustration shows one of many parties of sailors and soldiers, with a red flag, engaged in searching for the hated Petrograd police of the former Government.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.]



## The Russian Revolution: In Petrograd.



### STREET SCENES: SOLDIERS ESCORTING ARRESTED PERSONS; THE CROWD ROUND A WOUNDED MAN.

As a precaution, known partisans of the former régime and people who had openly shown sympathy with, or taken active part on, the non-popular side during the street disturbances in Petrograd at the outset of the Revolution, were arrested on the spot and escorted by soldiers to places of detention. They submitted to arrest in most cases in a quite quiet and resigned manner, and allowed

themselves to be marched away through the crowded streets without giving their guards any trouble. Most of them were released after a brief inquiry. In the upper illustration *détenus* are seen passing along a street in charge of soldiers. The lower illustration shows a small crowd round a wounded man, with soldiers to keep back the inquisitive.—[Photos, by Illustrations Bureau.]



### FORMER MINISTERS

Immediately their first overt act was the arrest of the leaders of the Duma arrested members of the former Ministry. They were quickly made prisoners; others were allowed to make themselves up. None, according to the report, did more than protest.



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In the upper illustration *détenus*  
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## The Russian Revolution: In Petrograd.



### FORMER MINISTERS UNDER ARREST IN THE DUMA BUILDING: ORDERS TO AN INNER GUARD.

Immediately their first overt act had taken place, the Revolutionary leaders of the Duma arrested and placed in confinement members of the former Ministry. Some were near by, and were quickly made prisoners; others were taken at their homes, or gave themselves up. None, according to all accounts, offered resistance, or did more than protest. As the readiest place of detention,

until quiet had been restored, some of the fallen Ministers were temporarily shut up in apartments within the Duma Building, which itself is a huge edifice, the former Taurida Palace, bestowed by Catherine II. on Potemkin. The illustration shows armed sentries at the locked doors of one place of confinement, and an officer giving a sentry instructions.—[Photo, by Illustrations Bureau.]



## The Russian Revolution: In Petrograd.



## STREET FIGHTING INCIDENTS: SOLDIERS AND STUDENTS ENGAGING POLICE; GUARDING THE DUMA.

The upper illustration shows an incident at Petrograd during the first days of the revolution. The firing took place mostly between detachments of the police, under the control of the then Minister of the Interior, and soldiers of the Guard Regiments in the capital, with some civilians (many of them students) who supported the Duma. A small party of soldiers and students are seen in action

across the Nevsky Prospect, the great main thoroughfare of Petrograd, with a police squad. Some of the police had machine-guns, and fired down from house-tops. In the lower illustration, bluejackets of the "Seamen of the Guard," who came over to the popular side, are seen with some workmen, on guard at the entrance to the Duma Building.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.]

April 18, 1917

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## SIR ROBERT BORDEN

Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, is seen Monday at a training camp for the Canadian Expeditionary Force in England. After the whole division was inspected, Sir Robert inspected the various columns, battery firing, and hor



April 18, 1917

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#### GUARDING THE DUMA.

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April 18, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 45  
New Series]—33

### Canada's Premier Visits a Canadian Camp.



#### SIR ROBERT BORDEN VISITS CANADIANS IN ENGLAND: BOMB PRACTICE; AND FIELD-TELEGRAPHY.

Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, spent Easter Monday at a training camp for Canadian troops in the south of England. After the whole division had marched past the saluting base, where the United States military attaché was also present, Sir Robert inspected the various sections, including an ammunition column, battery firing, and horse artillery, and watched bombers

practising with live bombs in the trenches, where a mimic battle was fought. He also saw field-telegraphists at work, physical drill, bayonet and charging practice, machine-gun squads, and field-ambulances, receiving first aid at the latter for a slight sprain of his foot. Sir Robert has since sent congratulations to the Canadians in France on their capture of Vimy Ridge.—[Photos, by C.N.]



## WOMEN AND THE WAR.

MME. CLARA BUTT is organising a Joan of Arc "Day" in London for May 8. Miss Gina Palerme will ride through the streets of London clad in armour and surrounded by appropriate attendants.

As much of interested London as can be squeezed into the Queen's Hall will have an opportunity of seeing Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Marion Terry, Lady Tree, and other celebrated people take part in a Pageant of Fair Women, written by Mr. Louis N. Parker, in which Lady Diana Manners will impersonate the French heroine, and walk in procession through the Hall.

May 8 is the anniversary of the day on which the Maid of France raised the siege of Orleans—but that has nothing to do with the object of the "Day," except that much of her spirit animates our women who, in various ways, are working to win the war. We helped to burn her once for doing the same thing; it seems only fair that some reparation—even though rather late in the day—should be made. That is the reason why Mme. Butt has

chosen Jeanne d'Arc as the patroness of her "Day" on May 8—when emblems, not flags, will be sold in the streets for the benefit of the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund: a work as useful as any of the numerous "schemes" connected with women which owe their origin to the war.

In the disorganisation that followed the outbreak of hostilities with Germany, probably few women suffered more than those connected with the arts of music, painting, and the drama. It is rather amusing to remember the alacrity with which pessimists prophesied the commercial, financial, and military ruin of this country. If only the economists had taken time by the fore-

lock, we might by this time have attained to unthinkable habits of self-denial. As it was, there was an indiscriminate "sacking" of "hands," and a good deal of distress—much of it, fortunately, only temporary, before we realised as a nation that the end was not yet. But, meantime, artists, musicians, and actresses had suffered terribly and their outlook was hardly rosy, for as members of the so-called "luxury" professions, their chances of re-employment were small.

With the object of remedying, if possible, this dreary state of things, representative members of

the three professions held a meeting in September 1914, and agreed that every effort must be made to meet this distress. They were unanimously against the "dole" system, both as being insulting to the recipients, and as affording only temporary relief. Work, either in their own sphere, or in some new direction, was felt to be the only possible solution of the problem of the unemployed artist; and with a little money hastily collected, and much faith as

its working capital, the Three Arts Employment Fund started on its beneficent career in rooms lent for the purpose at the Headquarters of the Women's Emergency Corps, in York Place, Baker Street, W.

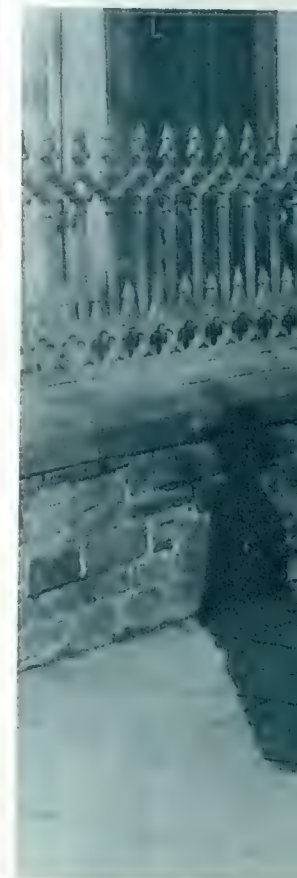
At first its policy could scarcely be described as settled. Its appetite for "work" was insatiable, and its gifted members were ready to tackle any proposition that came along. Lady Bective ordered wallets of a certain pattern made for soldiers—and wallets were turned out by the score until no more were wanted. They were followed by an outpouring of belts and socks for soldiers until, that demand having been more or

(Continued overleaf.)



FASHION ON THE LAND: A SCHOOL-GIRL AND HER TEAM.

It was a very practical idea to offer prizes not only for agricultural proficiency, but also for suitability of costume for working on the land. Miss D. Truscott, of St. Veep, Cornwall, who is seen in our picture, is only fourteen, one of the youngest members of the Women's Land Army, but has won three first prizes at agricultural demonstrations in Cornwall—for harnessing and driving two horses in a wagon; for harrowing; and for the prize costume, of showerproof washable twill, which she is wearing. Last year she raked eighty acres of corn without help.—[Photograph by G.N.]



A satirist has said that "A police even when the 'enterprising' but first woman-policeman, if we may taken her courage in both hands. But to-day, owing to the exigencies of a recognised institution. Our first



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## A War-Time Evolution: Our Women Police.



### WOMEN POLICE AND THEIR WORK: OFF AND ON DUTY.

A satirist has said that "A policeman's life is not a happy one," even when the "enterprising burglar's not a-burgling," and the first woman-policeman, if we may use the expression, must have taken her courage in both hands when she took up her duties. But to-day, owing to the exigencies of war-time, she has become a recognised institution. Our first photograph shows some members

of the feminine "Force" in their hour of ease—womanly enough to satisfy the most inveterate insister that women should be women; and needlework and letter-writing show that they retain their feminine tastes and habits when "off duty." In the second photograph the women-policemen are seen "on duty."—[Photos. by Newspaper Illustrations.]



less met, the Committee turned their attention to raffia mats, with unexpected, if temporary, success. It was not long, however, before the fertile brain of one of the members devised a particularly soft and vastly attractive penguin, that supplied the key to the what-to-do problem. Germany had

the principal work, smocks, overalls, frocks, and other clothes are also made, and the Three Arts Shop, at 76, Baker Street, in addition to the work turned out at Wigmore Street, has been able to sell embroideries, and paintings, on commission for some of the workers.



HOW YOUNG LADIES ARE HELPING TO SOLVE THE FOOD PROBLEM:  
AT WORK NEAR BASINGSTOKE.

These young ladies are busily employed on Sir Richard Rycroft's farm near Basingstoke, where they are most energetic and useful.—[Photograph by Eric Guy.]

almost monopolised our toy industry; but Germany was at war, and none of her toys were coming to England. The Committee of the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund, with praiseworthy optimism, decided to divert Germany's toy trade into British hands, and the Three Arts Women's Fund Toy Industry has been in existence for over two years.

Its chief claim to fame, however, rests not on the penguin—delightful though that is—but on its Cuddley Doll—a creature with a fat and pleasing personality and an originality of appearance to which no rival has yet been discovered, and which, like the penguin, is the Fund's own invention. It has already acquired a recognised position for itself in the toy world, and brought more orders to the Fund Toy Industry than that energetic concern is able to cope with. This inability is due, it should be explained, not to want of will, but of capital, a state of things which the "Day" Mme. Clara Butt is busy arranging for at 21, St. James's Street, will, it is hoped, immediately set right.

The Fund has workrooms at 32, Wigmore Street, and while doll-making in various forms is

professions, have, above all others, helped to ensure the financial success of entertainment after entertainment organised in the cause of charity, both before and since the war. May 8 will provide an opportunity of showing an appreciation of the



HOW YOUNG LADIES ARE HELPING TO SOLVE THE FOOD PROBLEM.  
Sir Richard Rycroft, of Dummer House, Basingstoke, has employed young ladies on his farm, with excellent results, as they enjoy the open-air work, perform their task thoroughly, and have taken to their new life with zest.—[Photograph by Eric Guy.]

services that have been so ungrudgingly given. Those whose enthusiasm can brook no delay can send a donation to the Hon. Treasurer, the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund, 32, Wigmore Street, W.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.



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#### LEADING THE GRAN

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April 18, 1917

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## The British Victories on the Western front.



LEADING THE GRAND ATTACK ON THE "HINDENBURG LINE": LIEUT.-GEN. SIR E. H. ALLENBY, K.C.B.

General Allenby who, together with General Horne, is stated to have the immediate charge of the divisions attacking the German positions of the so-called "Hindenburg Line," is a cavalryman. He was formerly in the 5th Lancers and, like General Horne, did brilliant work in the South African War, for which he wears eight clasps on his two medals. He has been at the front since the

outset of the war. He commanded the cavalry in the Mons retreat, and his brilliant work in covering the retreat of our outnumbered infantry divisions before von Kluck's five army corps, won unstinted praise from Lord French. For his services he was created K.C.B., and was awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.—[Photo. by Barnett.]



# THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

## GERMANY'S ENEMIES INCREASE—FIGHTING U-BOATS—RUSSIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

BOTH in number and in determination the enemies of Germany have increased in force this week. The United States of America has set itself in practical manner to the task of defeating the common foe, while independent States of South America have joined in with the Allies or else expressed themselves of their fervent disapproval. To the ranks of the belligerents the Republic of Cuba and the State of Panama have been added. Cuba if she does little else but give moral support, also adds a number of interned enemy ships to the common stock; while Panama has offered to concern herself with the defences of the Canal. Brazil, on the other hand, has not taken up an attitude of hostility; but she has broken off negotiations, and the action may be only delayed. In any case, Brazil has captive in her harbours some 230,000 tons of enemy shipping, and this huge total, added to the tonnage interned in the ports of the United States, stands for a most useful accession to the carrying capacity of the Allies at a time when every ton is needed. For herself, the United States has taken a first and magnificent step in the war, and has organised a huge war loan of £1,400,000,000, of which

£600,000,000 is to be set aside for the purchase of bonds for the Allies. The army and the country are being organised on scientific lines, and, though there is little hope of an American Army being seen on the Continent yet awhile, the potential asset of from two to six million men is already in evidence; the fleet and, what is useful at the present moment, the host of fast patrol craft are already prepared for action, and there cannot be any great delay in making use of this big force in Atlantic waters.

That they may be used to fight the submarine threat is more than likely, for, though the losses through attack are being kept down to a steady level, it cannot be said that we have yet eliminated the U-boat peril. We still have to face this grave danger to our food supply, and though we can, with care, hold out in spite of the enemy, we still have the emphatic task of fighting with all our wills both on the seas and in our own homes. It is the bread supply which is, of course, the crucial matter, and in this we depend upon the action of the civilians quite as much as the Navy. If we do not make the best use of all substitutes to eke out the grain supply, we are going to be faced with a very grave situation. As things

[Continued overleaf.]



THE GERMAN AVIATOR PRINCE KILLED ON THE WESTERN FRONT: PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA. According to a telegram at time of writing, the German Court Marshal at Berlin is making proposals to the British Government for the disinterment and removal of the remains to Germany.



STEEL-HELMETED NURSES ON THE WESTERN FRONT: PLACING FLOWERS ABOVE THE GRAVE OF A FALLEN SOLDIER.

As with stretcher-bearers and hospital-attendants on duty at the front, steel helmets are served out to all nurses.—[Photograph by C.N.]



## LEADING THE GRAY

General Horne shared with divisions attacking on the main German "Hindenburg" line. The captured Fricourt in the east is an artilleryman, and in the Horse and Field Artillery of



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## CONSTANTINOPLE.

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## The British Victories on the Western front.



LEADING THE GRAND ATTACK ON THE "HINDENBURG LINE": LIEUT.-GEN. SIR H. S. HORNE, K.C.B.

General Horne shared with General Allenby the command of the divisions attacking on the Arras-Lens front, which broke through the main German "Hindenburg Line" in that quarter. He captured Fricourt in the earlier Somme fighting. General Horne is an artilleryman, and in 1912 was Inspector-General of the Royal Horse and Field Artillery of the Army. He greatly distinguished

himself in the South African War of fifteen years ago, where he served under Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, being present throughout the operations under those leaders from first to last. He wears seven clasps on the ribbons of his two campaign medals. Last October he was created K.C.B. for "distinguished services in the field" against the Germans.—[Photo. by Swaine.]



are now, the people of this country have it in their own hands to starve themselves out or come through successfully.

The Eastern and Oriental theatres show no very great changes, though again the interesting news both concerns and comes from Turkey. In Mesopotamia the British and the Russian troops have joined hands on the Persian border, and now hold a front along the Teheran road some sixty miles north and north-east of Baghdad.

The enemy, so far, seem to have escaped from a position which promised disaster, and this may, perhaps, be attributable to the fact that the retreating forces have been joined by reinforcements, and the harried army has been stiffened. They seem to be rallying on a point between the Tigris and the Diala, and may give battle. In fact, if we have made up our minds to

advance, this would appear imminent, for the Turkish line here must do everything to hold us off Mosul and Sumawa, their only reasonable bases on this field. The news that may have a great effect on Turkey comes from Russia, where the Provisional Government has declared itself against territorial conquests. This would mean that Russia no longer looks to occupy Constanti-

nople after the war, but would be content with free passage through the Dardanelles and effective guarantees. Such a declaration is bound to have a powerful appeal to the Turkish mind. The Turks, harried on half-a-dozen fronts, and with defeated and despondent forces, can be in no state to appreciate the spiritual beauty of servitude to the German. The German had earned a deserved unpopularity, and has taken more than he has ever given; Russia's declara-

tion—removing, as it does, the threat to Constantinople—seems, on the face of things, an opportunity for the Turks to cut out from a bad bargain. Turkey seems ripe for such a move, and such a move would be valuable to us, for we could use some of the men now on the Mesopotamian and Sinai fronts in other and more important fields.

Of naval news there has been little this week, though we have had a satisfactory "reprisal" for the destroyers we have had sunk latterly, since we torpedoed a couple of German boats off Zeebrugge early in the week. These were destroyed in the course of a combined naval and air raid on the port. The Germans have admitted the loss of one of the destroyers.

LONDON: APRIL 14, 1917.

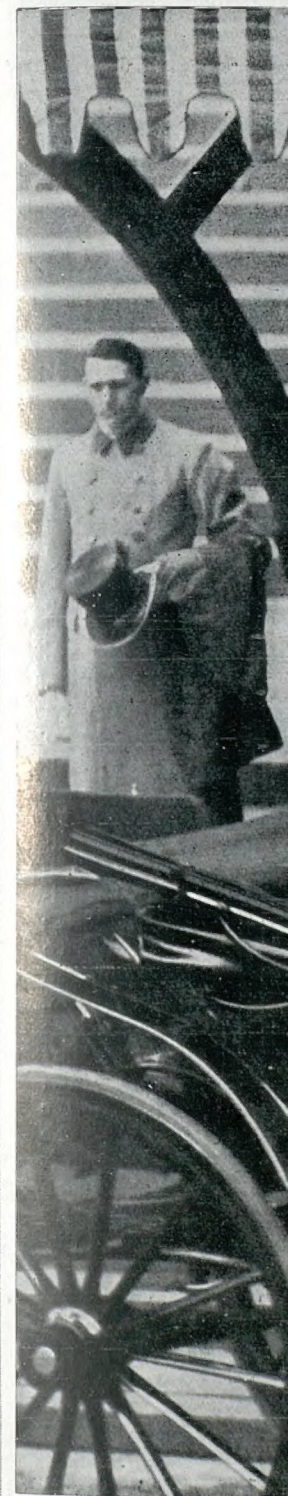


WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE EAST: BUILDING A RAILWAY EMBANKMENT THROUGH A PALM GROVE.



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE EAST: A CAPTURED MEDICAL OFFICER OF A TURKISH "RED CRESCENT" AMBULANCE. (CORRESPONDING TO THE RED CROSS SERVICE).—[Photograph by C.N.]

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AMERICA DAY, APRIL